

A Spooky Christmas

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Category: X-Files

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 1999-03-13 09:00:00

Updated: 1999-03-13 09:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 10:16:43

Rating: K

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,557

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Christmas Eve and Mulder's worried...

A Spooky Christmas

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No infringement intended on any part... go ahead, take me to  
court...I'm using the insanity defence... heh, heh, heh...

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Author's Note: I've never been commissioned to do a story before, so  
all credit for the story idea goes to Barbara O'Neill - The Founder  
of SPCDD (Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to David  
Duchovny) Their website is at:

<http://www.geocities.com/Hollywood/Hills/2024/spcdd.html>

all the rest of the silliness is mine, natch...

Summary: Christmas Eve and Mulder's worried...

A Spooky Christmas by Sheryl Martin

December 24, 1996

"What's wrong, Mulder?" Dana Scully looked up from the box she was busy emptying on the desk. Extracting her nameplate, she proudly put it out in front of the organised mess. "I thought you'd be happy - here we are, finally out of the basement." She waved a hand around the spacious office. "A nice view of the street; a short walk to the cafeteria..." A laugh crept into her voice. "And both our names on the door."

Hmm..." Her partner grunted, digging deep in his own cardboard box. "I just don't like having to move today. tonight." He shrugged, sending a lock of dark hair into his eyes. "You know."

Scully smiled. "Well, Christmas Eve wasn't my first choice either. But Skinner warned us that there was another department that was eying this space, and possession is nine-tenths of the law." Adjusting a picture so that it sat just so, she sighed. "I'm heading straight over to Mom's - she'll be just getting home from Mass anyway and we can start getting ready for the invasion tomorrow." Her voice grew soft. "Are you going to visit your mother?"

Mulder shook his head. "Tomorrow. I think it'll have to be tomorrow." He still looked uncomfortable.

"What else, Mulder?" She pushed gently. "There's something else, isn't there?" Trying to catch a look at his face, she failed. "I know you don't like to talk personal, but it is the season..." Her voice trailed off. "And I don't like to see anyone unhappy at this time of year if I can help it."

His head bobbed back and forth as he focused on the folders stacked in the box he was emptying. "It's nothing." Ducking down, he knelt down and began to fill the steel filing cabinet.

She let him struggle with the files for a few minutes, then made her way around the stacked boxes and equipment to slip behind his desk; hovering over him.

Letting out a stifled curse as a particularly thick red and white striped cover sliced through his finger, Mulder didn't notice her until she reached down and pulled his finger out of his mouth.

"You should put a bandage on it." She smiled. "With all the dirt we've probably brought up from the basement, I wouldn't be surprised if it got infected."

"You just want your name on the door by itself..." He chuckled as he followed her back to her desk and the ever-present medical kit in the lower drawer.

Impulsively he cleared a corner of the desk with a sweep of his long arms and hopped up to sit down; long legs dangling down as he watched her lay out the ointment and the bandage.

Scully stifled a giggle as she looked at him; almost face to face thanks to the desk lowering him significantly. His dark hair had now successfully invaded his face and forehead; making him look ever so much like a child racing in from the playground with a booboo for her to fix up.

"It hurts, Scully." Whining melodramatically he wagged the finger in the air. "I think it need stitches."

She snorted. "Mulder, you think everything needs stitches. You'd look like Frankenstein if you had gotten all the stitches you wanted."

"Ah, but then you could play the Bride of Frankenstein." He joked. She ducked her head down as she applied a dab of antiseptic ointment to the small cut so he couldn't see the blush spreading across her face.

"So what's got you so miserable about being up here?" The petite redhead probed gently, wrapping the bandage tenderly around the finger.

He shrugged again, his lower lip darting in and out of his mouth. "It's not being up here, really..." The words trailed off. "It's just that it had to be tonight..."

She waited patiently until he raised his face to stare at her. "You'll think it's silly, Scully."

Crossing her arms, she let out a feigned gasp. "You say something I'll think is silly? Never, Mulder..." Patting his knee, she grinned. "Try me."

His eyes teased her for a second with the possible retorts; then grew serious. "I used to always get upset when I was little... Christmas Eve was always bouncing around depending on if Dad was able to come home; or if Mom would be taking us to him, or to other relatives or wherever the holiday was that year." His head dropped down as he fidgeted with his hands, playing with the bandage. "I used to always worry if Santa Claus would be able to find me and Sam, 'cause we kept moving so much."

Putting her hands on his knees, she lowered her head until she could make eye contact, then forced him to raise his head again. "And you were afraid of telling me this?"

Mulder shrugged again. "It's childish, immature, wrought with psychological meaning..." He let out a sigh as the warm hands left his knees; letting the cool air rush in over the heated fabric. "What are you doing, Scully?"

Efficiently she burrowed in a cardboard box at the top of a tall stack, almost bringing them down on her. Finally her hand withdrew, grasping a thick roll of masking tape.

Without missing a beat she ripped off two pieces and walked over to the window leading out into the street; taping a "X" on the glass. Stopping for a second to admire her handiwork, the woman returned to stand in front of Mulder and smiled.

"He knows the signal by now." Taking his hand, she effortlessly pulled him off the desk. "Let's go get some coffee in the cafeteria and then finish up this mess. And you know Mom would love to have you over for a late dinner." She gestured at his lanky frame. "Add a few pounds to you - couldn't hurt."

With a sheepish grin he allowed himself to be led out of the office and down the hall; pausing only to lock the door behind them.

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"But I tell you, there are unidentified radar contacts every year..." He grumbled, fumbling with the keys.

Standing beside him, Scully shook her head. "And that's not enough proof to convince me of UFO's; much less the existence of Santa..." The door swung open as her partner stood aside to let her enter,

still carrying her coffee.

She stopped suddenly and was almost knocked off her feet as Mulder barrelled into her from behind. Regaining his balance quickly, his mouth opened to demand an explanation when he stopped; his voice gone.

He blinked as he looked over her head.

The office was empty, spotless. Stacks of empty boxes neatly placed in the corner to be disposed of later; the filled cabinets slightly open to show the contents efficiently filed and ready to be closed and locked for the night.

Their desks were clear; personal pictures tenderly placed in the same places they had always been, mugs ready for the morning coffee. Mulder's picture of Samantha off to one side; Scully's picture of Melissa in the wooden frame by her name plate.

"Mulder..." She breathed softly. "Someone's been in here."

Stepping around her, he slowly walked around the desks and the cabinets, his mouth ajar. "We were only gone a few minutes, Scully..." He gingerly opened one of the drawers. "Everything's where it should be."

Putting her styrofoam cup on her desk, she stared around them. "But it would have taken hours to unpack everything..." She stopped as he looked at her, a giant childish grin on her face. "Don't say it, Mulder."

"Scully..."

"Don't say it." Taking her coat off the back of the chair, she slipped her arms inside the sleeves. "Get your coat and we can still make it to my mother's place in time for me to have the cookies and milk out by midnight."

Picking up his trench coat, Mulder walked over to stare out the window. He heard Scully come over to stand beside him. "It's snowing."

She nodded, watching the thick flakes drift past them and down towards the street; past the taped "X" on the glass.

"Merry Christmas, Scully."

"Merry Christmas, Mulder."

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Albert Einstein:

"The most beautiful thing we can experience is the mysterious. It is the source of all true art and science. He to whom this emotion is a stranger, who no longer pauses to wonder and stand in rapt awe, is as good as dead."

End

file.